I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
An neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbroke haue pardoned thee: away, be gone.

Enter the King with his nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three moneths since I did see him last,
If any plague hang ouer vs tis he:
I would to God my Lordes he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there (they say) he daylie doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and rob our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support so dissolute a crew.

H. Percie My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphes helde at Oxford.

King. And what said the gallant?

Per. His answer was, he would vnto the stewes,
And from the commonst creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that,
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperat, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope, which elder yeares,
May happily bring foorth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly.

King H. What meanes our cosen, that he stares and lookes

Aum. God saue your grace, I doe beseech your Maiestie,
To haue some conference with your grace alone.

King. Withdrawe your selues, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our cosen nowe?

Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue, cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,

To win thy after loue, I
Aum. Then giue me
That no man enter till
King. Haue thy desire

The Duke of York

Yor. My leige beware,
Thou hast a Traitor in th
King. Vilain Ile make
Aum. Stay thy reuen
York. Open the dore,
Shall I for loue speake
Open the dore, or I will
King What is the mat
Tell vs, how neare is dan
That wee may arme vs
Yor. Peruse this writt
The treason that my hast
Aum. remember as th
I do repent me, reade no
My hart is not confedera
Yor. It was (vilaine) er
I tore it from the traitors
Feare, and not loue, bege
Forget to pittie him, lest
A Serpent that will sting
King. O heynous, stro
O loyall Father, of a trea
Thou sheere immaculate
From whence this stream
Hath held his current, an
Thy ouerflow of good, c
And thy abundant good
This deadly blot in thy di
Yor. So shall my vertue
An he shall spend mine h
As thriftles sonnes, their
Mine honour liues when

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22307) LONDON, 1597 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (Hut